



THE YPSI SEM

Vol. 38

Three Cheers

No. 2

Three cheers for Ypsi High School,
Ypsi, dear and true.
Now altogether, smash them
And break through.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Three cheers for Ypsi's warriors,
They can't be beat!
Three cheers for Ypsi,
Who knows no defeat.

YPSILANTI HIGH SCHOOL

OCTOBER 15, 1934

A Lesson of School

So you failed in your class, my lad?

You couldn't quite make the mark?

You failed—and you feel so blue and sad

And all of the world looks dark?
You lost and your heart is sore

And you wish you could go and cry?

Well, let us not worry a minute more

Or give it another sigh.

You failed, and you stand in fear
Of the things that the boys will say?

Why, there isn't a boy who is worth a tear

But who knows he may fail some day.

For it isn't to win that's good
And it isn't the head held high,

But to know you did the best you could,

And the best we can do is try.

You failed, and you know how sad
Were the ones who have failed before;

And what did you say to them, my lad,

When you knew their hearts were sore,

Did you come to them, near and near,

With a kindly word and a smile,
And bid them dry that very tear
That came to after a while?

Ah, yes—you didn't know

What it meant to the ones who lost;

And maybe you said some boy was slow,

And you didn't count the cost
Of the sorrow it was to him

When he heard what his fellows said,

But you know it now, when your eyes are dim,

And the sorrow is yours instead.

So, lad, we have failed, maybe,
And the other boys may pass,

But we've found a lesson for you and me

That's finer than one in class;
We've learned what the bitter tear

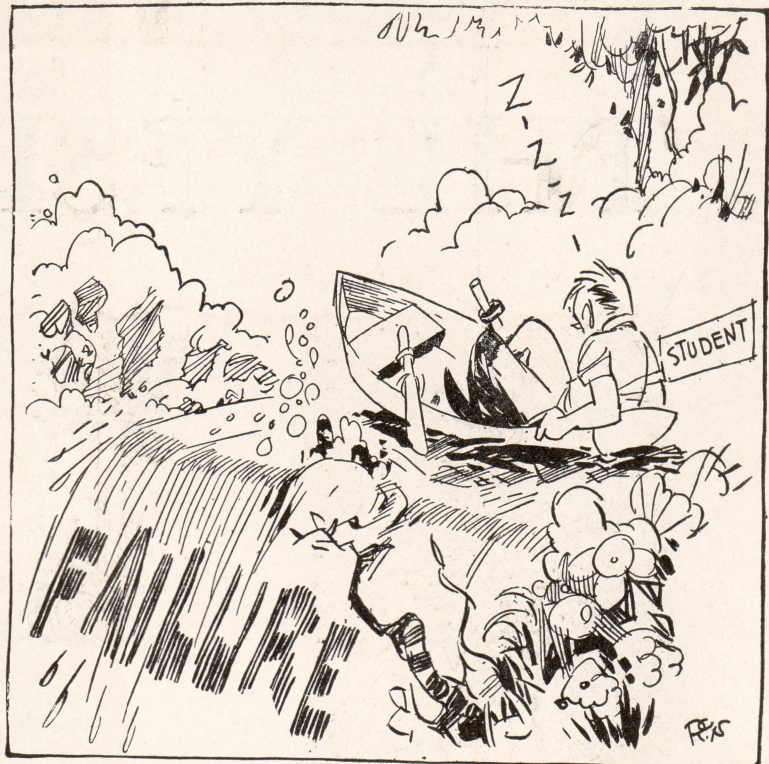
And the sorrow of the boys may be,

We've learned the need of a word of cheer,

So we haven't failed, you see!

A sparrow's wings make 13 strokes a second in flight.

It's Easy To Drift—But Look Out!



Students

There are three types of students in every school. The first type is the go-getter. He is always busy doing something for himself or others. He is the one who works hard and gets the honor. He is also interested in all school activities.

How wonderful our school would be if we were all of this type.

The second group is made up of those students who intend to do great things some day. A member of this group is the dreamer. When he sees others winning honors, it inspires him and he determines to do something equally good. But somehow he never seems to get around to it. Once in a while he does try something, but he gives so little real effort to it that he can do nothing but fail. If he does win some honor, he is satisfied and does not try again. Too many of us belong to this group.

The third type is the laggard. He does not even care to do anything or win any honor. He does not boost his school but finds fault with everything in his whole life, in business life. He never works because somebody else will do it if he doesn't. The laggard is

seldom if ever missed when he is gone.

The go-getter decides what he wants and goes after it. He boosts all worthy things. The dreamer is not sure what he wants, or, if he is, he hasn't ambition enough to go after it. The laggard's only desire is to be nobody and to be let alone, and he usually is. Are you a go-getter, a dreamer, or a laggard?

Guide Posts Along the Road of Life

Luck seems to favor the man who doesn't count on it.

Flying off the handle suggests that you have a screw loose.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

Doing the impossible is frequently done by an amateur because he doesn't know it's impossible.

Every time one man puts a new idea across he finds ten men who thought of it before he did—but they only thought.

According to an estimate by the Public Health Service, nine out of ten persons in the United States have measles and three out of four whooping cough

The YPSI SEM

VOLUME 38

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 15, 1934

NUMBER 2

OUR NEW SUPERINTENDENT



M. Ernest Chappelle

Some forty years ago, on September 27, a little boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chappelle in Harrisville, Alcona County, Michigan, and was promptly Christened "Ernest." Many were the hopes of his dear relation as they passed the "little boy with the big smile" from hand to hand, praising and foretelling the great things he was ordained to do, but none had the slightest idea that he would ever preside as Superintendent over this grand and glorious Ypsilanti High School of ours. (At least that's what we think.)

This boy not only had a big smile but also big ideas. He was eager to go to school and to advance, which he did rapidly. His learning started by toddling off to a rural grade school of Alcona County. Having gained all the information that that school offered, he attended and four years later graduated from Harrisville High School. From there he proceeded to the Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan, after which he obtained the position of Superintendent of schools, in Remus, Michigan. After three years of service there, he entered the Western State Teachers' College, from which he graduated in 1916. He then filled the office of Superintendent at Climax and later at Richland. Still advancing, he entered the University of Michigan for the purpose of obtaining his A. B. degree. He not only did this but added an M. A. degree to it. After accomplishing this he was made Superintendent of the Charlotte schools, where he has been situated for the last ten years. Then, or rather now, it is our good luck to have him come to guide our high school. We certainly appreciate having him with us and hope to have "the man with the big smile" here to greet us and our predecessors for many years to come.

SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY FAIR

We wish to again remind you of the School and Community Fair scheduled for the 26th and 27th of this month. The Fair is sponsored by the F. F. A. boys, and the program promises to be entertaining to all. There will be many interesting displays of farm products and other exhibits in the halls, entertaining plays, speeches, and movies in the auditorium, and a dance in the gymnasium. This year's fair is hoped to be the most successful ever held, and you can assure this success by giving your full cooperation.

HAVE YOU NOTICED????

That B. W. (not Bob Wales) has eight girl friends? H. K. is said to be in the lead.

The Sophomores at the Reception being made to trip-the-light-you-know-what with people that didn't even claim the ability to dance?

How chummy Lizzie Jellis and Mary Cargal are, considering they're both reputed to be that way about a certain Senior boy?

H. W. Gillete using good shoe leather lately walking up to Prospect Street every night? (Who is she, Harry?)

That "Country Boy" Ferguson is very popular with quite a few Sophomore girls?

That the song "You're a Builder-Upper" just fits Bob Riley?

Art Ferguson as a second Paul Whiteman?

The interest of two Seniors in a certain football "hero" of Roosevelt?

All of the Alumni at the Sophomore Reception?

That a certain Senior girl wants to go south? For her health?

Everybody telling Mary Cargal to "shut up" lately? (Especially Miss Hardy.)

That quite a few of the girls took it very hard upon finding out that Ralph Stitt is a woman-hater, date striker, etc.?

That Mary Spencer seems to be just about the right size for Eddie Morhous?

That Professor Lucifer G. Butts Dickerson had a date with a newcomer (M. T.) Friday night? (Fast worker-Bob.)

A Sophomore football star walking around the block with J. F. last Friday night?

THANKS

In behalf of the whole high school (especially the Junior Class), I wish to extend our many thanks to the Student Council for putting the radio in the auditorium, so that we could hear the World Series. There are many ardent baseball fans in this school, and we did enjoy being permitted to support the Tigers. We were very sorry to miss our classes though, weren't we boys and girls? (Hmn-Hmn.)

M. Holzhauer.

The Staff



Temporarily the Student Council

President	Donald Ehle
Vice-president	Ernest Klavitter
Secretary	Harriet Simon
Treasurer	Richard Harner
Senior class	Helen Jean Mowrer, Hugh Dinsdale
Junior class	Beulah Stitt, Bernard Hughes
Sophomore class	Helen Katon, William Tait
Freshman class	Donelda Schaible, Keith Metcalf
Eighth grade	Alice Sutton, Howard Tripp
Seventh grade	Esther Seneff, John Renton

EDITORIAL



The student body of our High School really deserve a lot of credit for the way in which they have responded to the new activity program of the Student Council. Our first edition of the paper was for the sole purpose of interesting you, as members of the Student Association, in buying a budget ticket. The result was as great or even greater than we had hoped for. We have sold, to date, 275 budget tickets, which is equal to more than twice the number sold last year.

Not only have we noticed the difference in the sale of budget tickets, but there has also been an agreeable change in the general attitude of the student body. This change has been very apparent in the events of the past two weeks. First of all, a great surprise came to me when the auditorium was filled with cheering at the announcement of a pep meeting in assembly a week ago last Wednesday. That was the beginning of action and the pep meeting that night was considered to be one of the best in this school for quite a few years. There was so much power for action stored up, that after the pep meeting some of our model students attempted a theater rush, which was not so successful, but a good time was had by all. Then on Friday, October 5, our football team received so much support, that they played a game far superior to any of the previous games of the season.

Friday night came and the reception that the sophomore class received was bigger and better than any in my memory. They were given an unusually warm welcome.

The next event that showed we were on our way to complete recovery of school spirit, was the size of the crowd and the amount of cheering at the game with Dearborn last Thursday.

We're doing fine for the beginning, but we still have plenty of budget tickets printed and waiting to be sold, so those of you who have not bought one yet still have a chance to join in the fun.

THE MEASURE OF EDUCATION

THE real standard of education is usefulness; nothing more. You don't read Plato just for the satisfaction of being able to say so; you read him because he is going to contribute something to your mental equipment which, in turn, you will apply to the practical problems of your own life and time.

If a man were shut in a room filled with books containing all the wisdom of the world, and lived long enough to absorb them all, and died there, he might be the wisest man in the world, but he would also be the most useless; if, instead, he had learned only how to drive a nail, and had spent his life driving nails in building new homes, he would have been turning his knowledge to useful ends, and contributing something to his fellows.

It isn't what we know; it's what we do with our knowledge that matters. Any study that is idle and adds nothing to a man's stock in trade for his life work is wasted study. When a youth completes his course of study, whether at university or technical school or shop, he has had his chance to sow his seed; the fruits of that seed will be his success in life, plus the attention that any good crop demands, which means work. But when he steps out into the world, all the education he has garnered must be directed toward his personal productiveness, whether with brain or hand.

Looking at it in another way, the boy spends his years of study in constructing, adapting and completing a machine with which he purposes working out his life; if he has waste parts on that machine, he has wasted his time putting them there; if it is just a pretty machine, but doesn't make anything, he has wasted all his time; if he has built a simple, but useful machine, and has learned to make the other parts he needs as they become wanted, he should make a good job of himself and his life.

The man who knows a little and knows that little well is generally more useful to his fellow men than the man who has a smattering of all tongues and arts, but can practice none of them.

Mere learning means nothing; the application of it is everything.

It would be an interesting experiment if universities should devote the first two years of the college course to dispensing knowledge and the last two to teaching the students how to use the knowledge they have acquired.

Those who try to appear what they are not would make a better appearance by being what they are. Most people who try to appear better than they are, are really better than they appear to be. No amount of pretense can improve on the original. Character subtly makes itself known through every disguise; and this is a very comforting fact, since the character is usually so much better than the caricature. Be yourself.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself.—Parker.

CLUBS

"RAMBLING FRENCHMEN"

Today, on October 9, 1934, the French Club held its first annual meeting and believe you me it was a very good meeting.

The officers were elected as usual and these are the Frenchman's choice:

PresidentDariel Sutton
Vice PresidentRalph "Smoky" Stitt
SecretaryHugh "New England" Dinsdale
TreasurerBetty Mathews
Sem ReporterBill Coleman

The conversation was as much as could be expected for the first meeting. The French Club is sponsored by our very clever teacher, Miss Blekking, and the meetings are held every other Monday at 3:30. There were quite a number of girls and I think some of the new French students (boys) should join so as to make it a more divided club. We have the good fortune to have our last year's president, Dariel Sutton to preside again this year. This is going to be the best French Club the school ever has had and you may quote me on this.

Bill Coleman

* * *

DRAMATICS

There will be a meeting of the Dramatics Club Monday at 3:30, for the purpose of organizing. All students in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades, who are interested in Dramatics are invited to join.

* * *

THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club has organized with Melvin Kenady and Mary McKie as consuls; Josephine Townsend, treasurer; and Carol Sweet, scribe. For the first time Freshmen were admitted to membership this year. The regular meeting has been set for the first Tuesday of each month. Upper classmen and Freshmen will take turns planning the meetings.

At the first meeting held Tuesday, October 2, Freshmen were pronounced members after each had spelled three Latin words backward and had given the English meaning, besides deciphering a jumbled day's menu of ancient Roman times. The song "Nonne Dormis" was also sung. Freshmen will have a meeting of their own Monday, October 22, to plan the November program.

* * *

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The Girls' Athletic Club are having a wiener roast at Superior Dam, Tuesday, October 16. Meet at the gym at four o'clock. It has been decided to have regular meetings the first and third Tuesday of each month.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB NOTICE

We are in need of more members for the boys' Glee Club. All interested in joining, please see Mr. Schafer in room 212 as soon as possible.

—o—

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Norrine Carr without any gum?
Mr. Best kicking Ed Duffy out of civics class?
Bob Wales not going to bed at 9:00?
Lionel Fulton having his history?
Bob Gooding not talking to the girls in study?
Louie Goldman as a **real good** cheer leader?
Melvin Kenady not being president?
Millie Harris not favoring (?) Roosevelt boys by casting longing glances in their direction?
Helen Tripp trying to look like Greta Garbo?
Margie Tefft's face not getting red when you mention Frank Starwas?
"Pug" Fraser wearing stockings?
Howard Dawson not wanting to argue?
Frankie Baker six feet tall?
L. Morningstar trying to put Bing Crosby out of business?
Elaine Hill tall and ugly?
Helen Katon absent from a football game?

—o—

SOPHOMORES TO UPPERCLASSMEN

As president of the Sophomore Class, I wish to thank the upperclassmen of our High School for the very enjoyable evening (?) spent at the Sophomore Reception.

We wish especially to extend our gratitude to a certain group of individuals who were very influential in making us feel at home. We were "**touched**" by their very cordial greeting.

A fine time was had by all. Those who did not enjoy dancing amused themselves by playing cards, eating and keeping out of the way of the upperclassmen.

Again we say "Thanks" and we hope to be able to return the compliment.

A miser grows rich by
seeming poor; an extravagant
man grows poor by
seeming rich. - Shakespeare.

DO MORE READING

THERE seems to be a general agreement that people are not reading as many books as formerly, or at least are not buying them at the same rate. Whether this is warranted we are unable to say, but we are certain that there are many young people who are not doing themselves justice in this matter. There are many whose acquaintance with the writers of English is confined almost entirely to the writers of the present day, and mostly to the writers of fiction. We are not going to say anything derogatory of the writers of our day, nor are we opposed to the reading of good fiction; but we do hold most firmly that no young man's education can be considered in any degree satisfactory unless he has a knowledge of the great writers of former days.

The world of the past is really a great world, and cannot be neglected by us without heavy loss. Historians, poets, essayists, humorists, theologians, story-tellers, scientists, their names form a galaxy in the gallery of thought which shall never fade nor perish. With these great ones of former days we can hold communion for a comparatively small investment. And it will pay wonderfully well. It may be objected that few are doing this, and we are afraid that this is all too true, but, even if this is so, there is the added consideration that the man who does what others are not doing, is fitting himself better than his fellows for what the future may bring. The knowledge which he will acquire cannot be other than useful to him, no matter what walk of life he may be in. And there is no question that when we know a man possesses certain funds of knowledge which we do not enjoy, we are certain to accord him a respect which we do not accord to others.

But, beyond all this, there is the value of this study for ourselves and our own mental horizon. There is a satisfaction in pushing that horizon farther away, and there is a joy in holding communion with great minds which is reward in itself for all the time we spend in reading.

ARE BITTER EXPERIENCES VALUABLE?

In reading an essay the other day I came across this statement: "A man who never makes a mistake, will make nothing." Immediately there came tumbling into my mind thoughts of the various and sundry mistakes of my life—mistakes which at the time seemed inexcusable blunders. I began to wonder whether or not these mistakes had helped me to "make something." Did they not point the way to something better next time? Certainly I have avoided making again the same mistakes, but I have also worried over them and thought many a time that my life would be much more efficient if I had only taken the other course in some instances, or perhaps left undone something that I did do. Now I realize that I should get rid of those regrets, should realize that mistakes are unavoidable to one who at least tries to take his part in the world, and what I am on account of what I have experienced. I can begin at last to see that even the bitterest experiences may be the highest stepping stones to real achievement.—Selected.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUTURE

"RECKLESS youth makes rueful age," said Benjamin Franklin.

And Percy B. Shelley, poet, whose own life came to an untimely end after incessant periods of excess indulgence wrote: "All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies . . . of our youth." That is the attitude of the sage philosophers of days gone by, but it still holds true today in the minds of brilliant men who know by experience. Suppose we continue our research of opinion into modern fields of thought.

No less an authority than Arthur Brisbane wrote in a late issue of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, "Youth in its folly mutilates and degrades itself, building up an old age of disappointment and sorrow because it will not listen."

Because it will not listen! That is the cause of it all. Youth will not listen to the advice of men who have undergone the same stage that youth is going through, and consequently hurls itself into a chaos of gayety, laughter, insane flippancy, with little thought as to the results. Youth, wild flaming youth! What a hideous expression!

"Easy come, easy go," says youth, with an attitude characteristic of the younger generation.

"What do you plan to be?" is asked of Youth. "Remember, it is highly essential that you prepare now for the future. What you do now will determine what you will be twenty years from now." And in a light-minded attitude, youth replies:

"I'll let the future take care of itself. While I'm young I'll have my good time, and settle down when I'm old." How asinine! What devilish fatalism! This is no exaggeration! It is the truth!

We have no space to devote to statistics, but we shall be compelled to appeal to your reasoning ability.

As Brisbane said, youth is a savings bank. Unless something is put away for the future, there will be nothing to fall back upon when there is need. It pays to take the admonitions of men whose experience has taught them the truths of life. It is unwise to refuse to listen to the advice of men who know. What knowledge you gain now, keep, whether or not you deem it worthy at the present time. Don't allow your mind to become obsessed with the glamorous spirit of modern day follies. Have your fun in a clean, decent way, befitting to Christian morals. Girls should act like girls, not like nit-wit tomboys. Boys ought to act like real he-men, not like cake-eaters or lounge-loafing shieks. Prepare for the future now. Act according to what you desire to be. Another observant writer has said, "You will be what you are now becoming."

Critics of the young people may be intolerant (?) at times, but you must admit that they often say a mouthful. But if you act more puritanical in everyday life, and drop some of these degrading vulgarisms, your critics will soon diminish for want of something to write about.

A small man who has even the beginnings of wisdom will never get angry and show it. A big man, angry and declaring himself, may be impressive. A little man, angry and spitting, is merely ridiculous.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

Last Thursday our team played a great game against Dearborn. As you all know, it resulted in a 0-0 tie. On the whole, our team outplayed Dearborn. We were in their territory most of the time, our line held better than theirs and our backfield outplayed theirs.

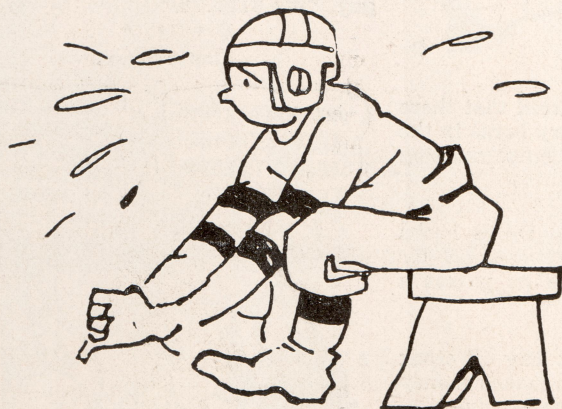
Some of the most spectacular plays were: Dearborn's intercepting of one of Ypsi's passes on their own 45-yard line in the third quarter, long runs of his own blocked kick, and a pass from Fulton to Everhard which ended the game. Two of the most disappointing plays of the game were: Fulton's long run for a touchdown in the second quarter which was ruled out because he ran out of bounds on his own 45-yard line, and Al Morris dropping a Dearborn pass late in the last quarter.

The Line-up

O'Brien	L.E.	Bob Wales
Rasolik	L.T.	Al Morris
Pike	L.G.	Victor May
Cardner	C.	Oliver Smith
Frye	R.G.	Howard Dawson
Jones	R.T.	Dick O'Neil
R. Smith	R.E.	Bob Gooding
Levagood	Q.B.	Frank Baker
Eldridge	R.H.B.	Lionel Fulton
Simmons	L.H.B.	Ed Duffy
McEvoy	F.B.	Louie Everhard

Officials: Referee, Rynerson; Umpire, Okerman and Head Linesman, McCulloch.

Substitutions: Ypsi—Wolters for Thayer; Everhard and Duffy. Dearborn—Bovill, Olsen, Smith, and O'Brien.



Our Lover—Bisbee

CROSS COUNTRY

At the same time the football game was in progress, the cross country team had a meet with Dearborn. The first sprint found Ypsi in first and third places with Dearborn in second, but soon the Dearborn men hit their stride and gradually came forward to first and second places. Mixed among the runners were six Dearborn men running for experience. After a tiresome two and one-half miles, Bingham of Dearborn came in with the excellent time of eleven minutes and 42 seconds. The first Ypsi man came in fifth. The rest of the Ypsilanti team came in as follows: Purdue—eighth; Herbst—tenth; Helzerman—eleventh, and Royal—twelfth. The final score was 17-40. In a meet of this type the team having the lowest score wins.

A SMILE

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it.

A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters goodwill in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet, it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.—Kansas City Independent.

LIVING IN THE PRESENT

There are altogether too many of us who live our lives as a man who is struggling to gain the top of a hill—he can give little time or thought to the prospect that is about him, for he is so eager to see what the view from the top will be. Too often we are so busy and intent climbing up to the wealth and position and power that we think are worth striving for that we forget to appreciate and enjoy the present good. It is a good habit to learn to enjoy life as we live it, to see the prospect even while climbing the hill. When we get to the top—well, we may find that the prospect is not what we thought it would be, or that our ability to enjoy it has left us.

The great object in life is to
do our best and be kind

New Definition—A hick town is a place where everybody knows whose check is good.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

"Do you drink milk?"
"No, I can't get those wide-mouthed bottles in my mouth."

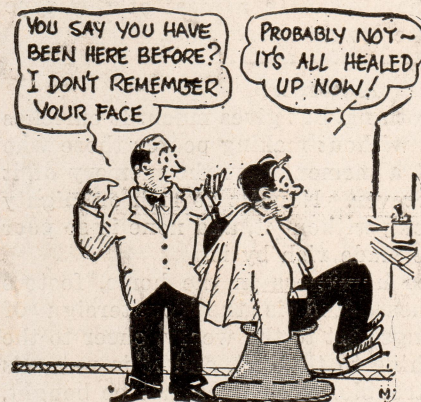
Sure Thing—Many a man is a bachelor to-day, because he never had a car when he was young.

Domestic Note—The honeymoon is over when he can carry a cigar in his vest pocket without having it broken.

Cicero the Cynic, says: "I can smile as easily and as often as anybody, but I should hate to be ordered to smile by a wall motto."

New Proverb—A girl who gets kissed on the forehead should wear higher heels.

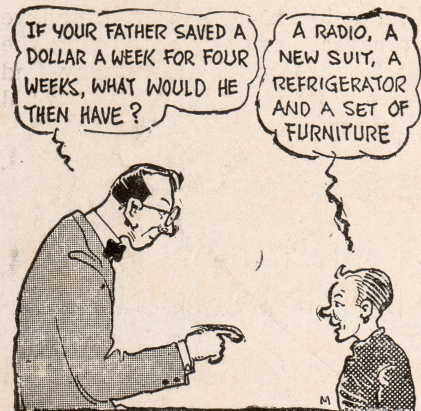
Barber-ities.



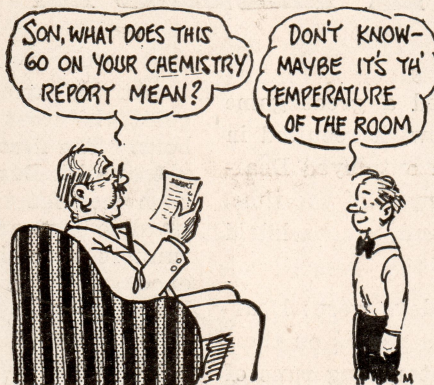
Short Story—A girl told her lover to go away and not come back until he had a thousand dollars; then she would marry him. He came back a week later with thirty dollars. She blushed and said: "Well, I guess that's near enough."

Convict No. 13271 says: "It's no good taking any notice of advertising slogans. I followed the advice of one, 'Make Money at Home,' and here I am."

"Go Up One!"



"You Tell 'Em, Kid."



Oh, No, Maudie: "A man who sleeps in marble halls is not necessarily a night watchman."

Absolutely!—The radio and the talkies are responsible for putting the harm into harmony.

Not a Real Druggist—Two druggists were talking about one of their confreres who had just died. "He was a great druggist," said one. "He was," admitted the other, "but don't you think he made his chicken salad sandwiches a little too salty?"

Force of Habit.



Statistical—It is reported that there is an automobile for every horse in the land. No excuse for a horse walking nowadays.

The Most Polite Man we've heard about is the man who takes off his radiator cap every time he passes a girl.

Financial—When you buy oil stock it's a speculation. If it makes money you start calling it an investment.

The Height of Optimism—Opening a gift shop in Scotland.

Sure Thing—If tractors could be pepped up to do seventy-five miles an hour, possibly this would solve the problem of keeping the farmers' boys on the farm.

How to Tell—A progressive town is one which always has the main street torn up for some improvements.

Philosophic Phil Says: The undertaker would have to work in eight-hour shifts, if he buried all the dead ones, as well as the ones who die.

Well, Well!



Words of Wisdom—About the time you make both ends meet, someone moves the other end.

Not So Bad!—Once upon a time a department store clerk resurrected some invisible hairnets from his old stock, put them in the shop window, and they sold readily as the newest material for evening dresses.

Automotive—"Please send me the amount of your bill," wrote the garage man to the autoist who was chronically slow with the cash.

"Certainly," answered the slow guy, "it's \$136.73."

Court News.

